

R. M. WHITE, Editor and Proprietor.]

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Table with 2 columns: Destination, Time. Includes routes to St. Louis, Chicago, and other cities.

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DIRECTORY.

National and State Directory.

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THE STUFFED DOG.

The scene is laid in a small German town where there was, and still is, a university. The parties are: First, a large stuffed dog; secondly, an ancient Jewish maiden lady, Miss Sarah Oppenheimer, who has just died, and her brother, Moses Oppenheimer, who is not dead, but wishes he was. The party of the fourth part is two dissipated, but very lively German medical students, who should have been killed long years ago, and for whose improper behavior an apology is already offered the reader in advance. An auctioneer also figures in the play, with a silver tongue and some wit. He is not to be confounded with the stuffed dog, for he, himself, does the stuffing, not of the dog, but of the people who believe what he says, when he preaches.

As her name indicates, Miss Sarah Oppenheimer was of Jewish descent. Her beauty, of which she never had the slightest symptom, was of such a pronounced Hebrew type, that it seemed, instead of being descended from Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, they and all the other patriarchs were descended from her. She did not look like a single Jewish at all, but rather like a whole synagogue, in full session, on some great holiday. She was a miser, or rather a misersess, if that be a better word. Her dear relatives had waited and waited her departure for a front seat in Abraham's bosom, leaving her mother behind, but she was in no hurry, nor was Abraham, himself, in a hurry to have her, so most of them got there first. Finally, at the age of seventy, she died, and her grief-stricken brother, Moses Oppenheimer, proceeded to administer on the estate, but his grief was of the bona fide character, when he failed to find the money she was supposed to have left behind. It was even more unavailable than the Texas University fund. According to law, there being no will, her effects were offered for sale at public auction.

There was quite a crowd gathered at the sale of the effects—among them were Schulz and Mueller, the two medical students, to whom we have already made complimentary reference. Like most students, they were in a condition of chronic poverty. A student can get away with a good deal of money if he has to pay for all the beer he drinks.

"Can't you lend me a thaler this morning?" said Schulz to his roommate, for such they were.

"Yes, if you first lend two thalers. I've only got four groshens to my name, and I need them to buy tobacco, for if I can't smoke, I become nervous and depressed about my future prospects."

"I would be in no better fix than you are, if I only had the four groshens," remarked Mueller, rather moodily.

As they were thus cheering each other up with bright hopes of the future, they came to where the auctioneer was selling, in a vociferous voice, the effects of the late Sarah Oppenheimer. He was holding up to view a most remarkable looking animal. It was a bandy-legged, pug-nosed stuffed dog, which had been a great pet of the deceased. Holding out the relic, the auctioneer rattled off all kinds of nonsense, after the manner of auctioneers:—"Gentlemen, how much am I offered for this precious relic? He is going to be sold cheap. Please don't all speak at once. Although this dog has been dead many years, he is still going. He is going for one silver groshen, going, going—do you hear two? Just hear me, two—two? Going for two silver groshens. This affectionate animal is improving. A few minutes ago he was going for one groshen and now he is going for two. Somebody say three just to encourage the poor brute. It will cost you nothing to feed him. You will not have to pay any dog license on him. He will never make people die by howling at night as other dogs do. He will never get lost."

"Four groshens," said a deep voice in the crowd.

"Going, going, gone. He belongs to that gentlemanly student. Instead of the student going to the dogs, as is usually the case, in this instance the dog goes to the student. Pay over the money and take the affectionate animal and lead him off, if you please," and the auctioneer handed over the animal to our friend Schulz, amid the laughter of the crowd.

As Schulz and Mueller walked off, the former with his newly acquired canine monstrosity under his arm, his friend Mueller used very bitter language:—"There you go, and sacrifice the price of four mugs of beer, which might have made one of us happy, for a miserable stuffed dog."

"My dear friend," replied Schulz, patting his dog, "my uncle is a taxidermist, and that's how I come to know that in stuffing animals like this one, smoking tobacco is generally used. Very likely we will expiate five thalers' worth of good smoking tobacco out of the animal."

"If that is so, then, I will never say again that you are as stupid as you look," replied Mueller, who was disposed to be complimentary. When they got to their room, they placed the dog on his back, he holding up his four legs as if begging for mercy.

A BASILISK MAN.

The Great Sensation he Produced in a Bridal Chamber.

Senator Sebastian, of Arkansas, was a native of Hickman county, Tenn. On one occasion a member of congress was lamenting his bashfulness and awkwardness. "Why," said the senator from Racksack, "you don't know what bashfulness is. Let me tell you a story, and when I get through I will stand the test if you don't agree that you never knew anything about bashfulness and its baneful effects. I was the most bashful boy west of the Alleghanies. I wouldn't look at a girl, much less speak to a maiden; but for all that I fell desperately in love with a sweet, beautiful neighbor girl. It was a desirable match on both sides, and the old folks saw the drift and fixed it up. I thought I should die just thinking of it. I was a gawky, awkward country lout about nineteen years old. She was an intelligent, refined and fairly well educated girl in a country and at a time when the girls had superior advantages, and were therefore superior in culture to the boys. I fixed the day as far as I could have put it off. I lay awake in a cold perspiration as the time drew near, and chivered with agony as I thought of the terrible ordeal.

The dreadful day came. I went through with the programme somehow in a dazed, confused, mechanical sort of way, like an automaton booby through a supper where I could eat nothing, and through such games as 'possum pie,' 'sister Phoebe,' and all that sort of thing. The guests one by one departed, and my fair began to stand on end. Beyond the awful curtain of Isis lay the terrible unknown. My blood grew cold and boiled by turns. I was in a fever and then an ague, pale and flushed by turns. I felt like fleeing to the woods, spending the night in the barn, leaving for the west, never to return. I was deeply devoted to Sallie. I loved her harder than an amule can kick; but the dreadful ordeal—I could not, I dared not stand it. After the last guest was gone, the bride retired, the family got to bed, and I was left alone—horror of horrors, alone with the old man. 'John,' said he, 'you can take that candle; you will find your room just over this. Goodnight, John, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul,' and with a mischievous twinkle of his fine grey eye, the old man left the room. I mentally said 'amen' to his 'Heaven help you,' and when I heard him close a distant door, staggered to my feet and seized the farthing dip with a nervous grasp. I knew that it could not be avoided, and yet I hesitated to meet my fate like a man. I stood so long that three love-letters had grown on the wick of the tallow dip and a winding sheet was decorating the side of the brass candlestick.

A happy thought struck me. I hastily climbed the stair, marked the position of the landing and the door of the bridal chamber. I would have died before I would have disrobed in that holy chamber, where awaited me a trembling and beautiful girl, a blushing maiden, 'clothed upon' with her own beauty and modesty, and her snowy robe de nuit. I would make the usual preparations without, blow out the light, open the door and friendly night would shield my shrinking modesty and bashfulness and grateful darkness at least mitigate the horror of the situation. It was soon done. Preparations for retiring were few and simple in their character in Hickman, altogether consisting of disrobing, and owing to scarcity of cloth in those days man was somewhere near the Adam state when he was prepared to woo sweet Sallie. The dreadful hour came; I was ready. I blew out the light, grasped the door knob with a deathly grip and a nervous clutch; one moment and it would soon be over. One moment and it wasn't over by a long sight. I leaped within, and there around a glowing hickory fire, with candles brightly burning on the mantle and bureau, stood the blushing bride, surrounded by the six lovely bridesmaids.

A True Case of Regret.

It makes the heart of every philanthropist sad to see so many worthless patients puffed and advertised for the cure of chronic diseases. Usually the remedy is some vile cathartic compound or alcoholic preparation, combined with such a turpentine or other severe diuretic that affords the invalid only temporary relief, but which has lasting effect, and eventually brings on a complication of diseases arising from a state of worn out and exhausted digestive and urinary organs that nothing but death can relieve. Invalids should trust more to nature for their recovery. A gentle medicinal tonic that stimulates enfeebled digestion and strengthens every part of the system by its soothing and refreshing effect on both mind and body, is nature's truest and best assistant. Such a remedy is Brown's Iron Bitters, a medicine surpassing the sale of all other remedies whenever its merits become known, for it acts in such perfect harmony with the laws of life and health that all pulmonary, urinary and digestive troubles are prevented and permanently cured by its timely use. It contains no alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth. Physicians and ministers endorse and recommend it.

Leila's Dandelion Tonic will restore vitality vigor where everything else fails. It contains all the elements necessary to repair nervous waste.

THE STUFFED DOG.

Handful after handful of tobacco was taken from the inside of the uncomplaining dog, and piled up on the table.

"I wonder what this is?" observed Mueller, who was still exploring for tobacco, drawing forth a roll of something wrapped up in cloth.

"Perhaps the dog will be so considerate as to furnish us a new pipe, as a piece," responded Schulz jealously. The covering was hastily removed with trembling fingers. The faces of the two students turned pale. Even their red noses became white and pallid, for the first time in years. Their eyes stuck out until they could have been utilized to hang overcoats upon, but they had no overcoats to hang on them, and it did not occur to them to go out and borrow some for the purpose.

When they became satisfied that the package contained fifty hundred thaler bills, they fell on each other's breasts and wept. Then they hugged the unconscious dog, and wept some more, and called him pet names. After a while they became comparative calm. They put the tobacco bag where they got it from and neatly sewed up the opening. The dog looked as large as life and twice as natural.

They put the sacred animal in their wardrobe, which, by the way, was empty, as it always was, and having packed up their few effects, without consulting with anybody, they left by the next train. At all the German watering places, the guests were astonished at the reckless extravagance of the two German students. They dressed so finely and lived so high, that they were even accused of being American editors on an excursion. In a few months they had managed to squander all the money the late lamented Miss Sarah Oppenheimer had been seventy years saving up. They then returned to the University to resume their studies.

Just before the two students returned from their prolonged spree, something happened that threw Moses Oppenheimer into a state of excitement. He had come across a memorandum-book of his late sister, in which was imparted the tidings that 5,000 thalers were deposited in the interior of her pet pug-nosed dog. It is hardly necessary to state that Moses was carried away by a wild impulse to acquire possession of that dog. He yearned to fondle the animal. He was not fond of dogs as a general thing, but this was an exceptional case. He wanted to feel sure that the dog was in good hands. He trembled when he thought that his poor sister's pet might not be properly appreciated by the wide students. He could not sleep at nights when he imagined the poor brute was being neglected, so he hunted up the auctioneer without any delay, and learned who had purchased the precious monstrosity. Then, accompanied by the auctioneer, he called on the two students, Schulz and Mueller, the very day after they had returned. His eyes sparkled when he discovered the precious dog on the table.

The first thing Moses did, was to blubber right out about his poor mother who was an angel in Abraham's bosom, and running across the room, he sought to embrace the canine relic, but Schulz calmly removed Moses' arms from about the neck of the dog, and said:

"I honor your feelings, Mr. Oppenheimer. They do credit to the goodness of your heart, but you must not drop tears on my stuffed dog. I paid four groshens for, as the salt in the tears will make bad places on the dog's hide, and besides, if you are not careful, you will puncture some of the stuffing out of the animal with your nose."

Once more Moses made a break at the dog, but he was set down in a chair, and told that if he had more tears to shed to go out in the hall and shed them.

"Mr. Oppenheimer states that he desires to purchase that dog as a relic of his departed sister. He has found a memorandum-book, which she places by her side in the family vault," said the auctioneer.

"That would be a very revolting proceeding, but the dog is not for sale. I have a favorite uncle who is a taxidermist, and I wish to make him a birthday present of this animal. If it were not for that, I would make Mr. Oppenheimer a present of the animal."

"I give twenty thalers, so help me shining gracious!"

"Go away, child of Israel."

"Hundred thalers, and I planks down the monies."

"Mr. Oppenheimer, what is there about that dog that makes him so attractive to you? I don't see how you would ever get your money back out of that animal if I was to accept your offer," said Schulz, slyly puncturing Mueller in the ribs with his elbow.

A cold perspiration broke out all over Moses Oppenheimer. He was afraid that in his eagerness to buy the dog, he had given away the secret. He shuddered to think of the students holding a post mortem examination on that dog.

"I tell you what I'll do," finally remarked Schulz. "If you will pay me 500 thalers you may take the animal. With that money I can buy uncle some other presents."

Need we say that Moses handed out the money, with more joy than is usual with men when they pay 500 thalers for a four groshen dog. He left the house with the coveted pet and the auctioneer, and who richly might have envied. The students rolled on the floor in a clasp of joy, but there was sadness in the house of Moses Oppenheimer, when he explored the bowels of that dog for hidden riches.

"Oh, Sarah!" he moaned, "you infernal long-nosed, defunct old fraud, where did you put that money?"

"It seems to me," said the auctioneer, who assisted in the fruitless exploration, "it seems to me, Mr. Oppenheimer, as if your dear sister has taken the liberty of playing a little joke on you."

"D—n her!" said Moses.

"When I come to think over this sad affair, Mr. Oppenheimer," said the auctioneer, "I begin to think that you should not use such harsh language about your angel sister."

"D—n her! D—n all the Oppenheimers, including myself. Oh, Sarah, where have you deposited that money?"

"Hurrah! I have it! I have it!" said the auctioneer, excitedly.

"Have what! the money?"

"No, but I have a clue."

"D—n a clue! Oh, Sarah, can't you not revisit this poor distressed brother, and at least hint to him where in the h—l that money is. Oh, Sarah, if I could only lay hands on you for five minutes I'd find out where that money is, or I'd break every bone in your miserable Jewish carcass."

"Mr. Oppenheimer, Sarah is all right."

"Those students got that money. This dog has been opened before—rather underneath on its stomach. They got the 5,000 thalers, and you have paid them 500 thalers extra for the vacant hide. They have made 5,500 thalers on an investment of four groshens, but if you smoke, you might use this tobacco, if it is not too strong."

Moses Oppenheimer leaned his forehead on the edge of the table. No such blow had fallen upon the Israelites since the siege of Jerusalem. He was stunned. After waiting a few minutes, the auctioneer tapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"Mr. Oppenheimer, besides my regular fee, I think I ought to get a percentage on that 5,000 thalers, now that I have put you on the right track to get it back."

There was no answer. The auctioneer gently raised the stricken man's head, but death had already set his seal on those features, copies of which are to be found from the poles to the equator, from Dan to Beresheba, that are found graven on the monuments of the Pharos, and are to be seen every day on the streets of Austin. Sarah and Moses, brother and sister, were together again, never to part.

The auctioneer carried out the last wishes of Sarah, and with the stuffed dog was placed along with Moses and Sarah in the family vault.

"Do we believe in miracles," Alonso? Well, we should preach. When a man can sit down in a New York restaurant and have brook trout, spring chicken, venison steak and rood bird served off the same old soup bone, we are ready to take in any miracle you ever saw in print. Believe in miracles! When the American farmer can get a quart of strawberries in a box that won't hold a pint of sand; when almost any coal dealer can make seventeen hundred weight a ton; when a common-looking clerk can measure a whole yard at one sweep of a thirty-three inch stick; when a ten-pound block of ice looks small along side a four-ounce hailstone; when any barkeeper turns whisky into water before he opens up in the morning; when you can put out a fire with illuminating oil; when soap-fats stalks abroad as A1 clovered butter; when you find a microscopic draught of fishes in the sky-blue milk; when a committee of women at a church fair can make a barrel of soup with a cove oyster; when—do we believe in miracles, doubting Alonso? It is an age of miracles. The world is full of miracles, or over-run with rascals. You may accept either interpretation.

The Pangs of Office-Seeking.

A Chicago man who once ran for office avers that he will never again be so foolish. In a published card he says: "I got defeated, and am glad of it. I'd rather be a 'yellow hound' and a moon made of green cheese than submit myself again to the moral crucifixion, button-holing, lying, sneaking, double-dealing, backbiting, whispering, conniving, rotting swilling, hand-shaking, foul-breathing, make-believe friendship and barefaced treachery that must befall every man that runs for an office—falsely said to be in the 'gift of the people'—in any great city. If the gift of the devil would be nearer the mark." It must not be forgotten that he got best, which was second for his strong talk.

Many who long suffered from nervous debility would now be in their graves had they not used Brown's Iron Bitters.

South Side Items.

To the Editor of the Ledger: If you will allow us space in your paper, we will endeavor to give you a few points that will be of interest to many of your readers. On last Saturday night some of our boys went to town to have some fun, which resulted in a general stampede and foot race, our boys taking the lead, being followed by a lot of Mexico boys armed with revolvers which they used freely, shooting in all directions. Now, boys, this is not right, and there may come the time in your future history when you will suffer for the manner in which you ridiculed and taunted others. You have not yet reached the grave, and between you and that dark sepulchre lies a rough and rugged road beset with perilous enemies, over which you must journey, and it may be alone. How the angry clouds will frown down upon you, as you endeavor to penetrate this horrid blackness and catch a glimpse of the bright sunlight that glides their dark edges with a silver lining. How your mind will revert to the early days of your youth, and regretfully dwell upon the scenes enacted by you on the streets on last Saturday night. But our boys were the subjects not only of the taunts of rude and cruel boys, but the belittling jeers of inconsiderate and sordid-hearted men, whose malignity is so small that it partook of the character of nothingness. Come boys, give up this unkind habit in which you sometimes thoughtlessly indulge, and you will never regret having taken the advice of

RAMBLER.

Best Printer in the State.

From the Foreman Banner.

B. B. Runkle, foreman of the Mexico Ledger, has sent us several specimens of elegant job printing. The work is of lovely design, and executed in the most handsome manner. Several years ago we asserted that Bass was one of the best printers in the state. As an evidence of our correct judgement he was awarded a gold medal at the St. Joseph Press Convention for the best display of job work, and these specimens are by far handsomer than anything in his display at St. Joseph. Mr. Runkle is a typographical artist of rare skill and we take pleasure in his success.

Best Printer We Know.

From the Curryville Courier.

B. B. Runkle, foreman of the Mexico Ledger, received the gold medal at the editorial convention for the finest specimens of job work. Bass is the best printer we know of, and we congratulate him, together with the proprietor of that office upon their success in obtaining the prize.

Finest Job Work.

From the Fort Worth News.

B. B. Runkle, job printer in the Mexico Ledger office, took the gold medal at the editorial convention held in St. Joe. for the finest specimens of job printing. Hurrah for "Bass," he took his start in the Mercury office.

Fine Job Printer.

From the Fulton Telegraph.

B. B. Runkle, of the Mexico Ledger, took the gold medal at the St. Joseph Convention for the finest specimens of job printing in the State. Bass is one of the finest job printers in the United States or the Dominion of Canada.

To the Front.

From the Vandalia Leader.

B. B. Runkle, of the Mexico Ledger, took the gold medal at the editorial convention for